Today there was a shootout at THE EDMO. News of the incident was suppressed, so Johnny committed it. To Thing Street Asylum.

It happened in broad daylight. Shots rang out across the hood. To him it was like a burst from a machine gun, but it was only a 45.

Clients scuttled down the dark-varnished stairs of a dozen welfare hotels and flops.

It blew out the bottom half of the front door. Now there were almost as many bullet holes in Edmond Place as there were in Edmond, shot by the cops for waving a hammer at them on the Thing Street Car.

He would have been proud of the power of his name to draw fire, but sad about getting shot.

He'd stop balling Jane Jacobs long enough to show her where his building was. She'd fart and take another swig of cooking wine and say fuck! it should have been a strip-mall.

Look, he'd say pointing. There's Victor Willis - bang! bang!

They said it was rival Housing Workers - that's CRACK DEALERS - from PARC and Habitat Housing fighting over caseload - clients, as they liked to say.

It was really just $CAMH. Everybody knew. Look at Trixie Sane. Did anyone seriously believe they paid her 700 thou to sell citrus shampoo to clients with a hygiene problem?

Did anyone believe it was a shoot-out between rival toiletry salesmen? Between FULLER BRUSH and AMWAY?

It wasn't citrus shampoo the skank was pushing.

The more crack, the more prozac. This gang-buster business got everyone depressed so $CAMH could put them on it. After their suicide they'd be tranformed into more (posthumous) poster people like Edmond. Trixie'd say tut! tut! if only they'd listened to $CAMH, this never would have happened. However the ones who went down in a hail of cop bullets were still the best money makers.

It was a win-win situation for $CAMH and their middle-class clients. Junkies with money. They sold more drugs and destabilized the neighborhood, drowning the working poor in Lake Hogtarry. The Mimico solution. Then middle-class junkies moved into the neighborhood, and the property values soared. $CAMH owned half the real-estate wealth of the country.

Citizen Hearse's Handy Havens were suddenly worth billions.

The drug cartels merged with the pharmaceuticals.

AstraZeneca replaced Ford Motors.

The middle-class was more stoned than ever....

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Brad came by. He'd taken up landscape painting. It was the closest thing he could find, to vacuuming...

He raved about the little stump lot Louis XIV tried to copy at Versailles. How the tyrant told the architect to make the copy better than the original or die. The copy was worse, because it was over the top.

Louis loved it....

Small world, but he wouldn't want to paint it....

He couldn't help thinking about that Zsa Zsa Special....